Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. XI.—No. 22. NEW YORK, N. Y., MARCH 7, 1896. Whole No. 334.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Henry Cohen writes me that he has already sold one thousand copies of "Mutual Banking." It is the best piece of news that I have heard for a long time.

The "Sun" often denounces frauds, the "Voice" inveighs against bigotry, it is the habit of the pot to call the kettle black, but the climax of audacity in this line was never reached till "Paragraphs" described Liberty as "curious."

General Weyler's plan of campaign in Cuba is denounced as inhuman and intolerable by our pious and philanthropic editors, and they urge the United States to interfere and either free Cuba or accord her belligerent rights. As a matter of fact, Spain has done nothing that any other "civilized" government would not do under similar circumstances. In crushing a rebellion the United States would be little better than Spain, and our virtuous editors would deem capital punishment too good for traitors who ventured to defy the authority of their great government. How sickening this hypocrisy is! Government, good knaves, is government.

A Southern congressman has declared in the house that the secession principle was sound, that the south was right in its position at the time of the war, and that under the same circumstances he would fight again against the federal government. Barrett, the Boston editor whose seat in congress helps him to boom his paper, wants a resolution passed charging the southern congressman with treason, sedition, and violation of his oath, but the patriotism of the Republicans is held in check by the fear of offending the south and making it solid once more. Patriotism, love of union, and devotion to the government are "all right," except when undue emphasis threatens to alienate voters and reduce the Republican delegation from the "rebel section."

That devilish Jesuit, Charles A. Dana, has for some time been carrying on simultaneously in his paper, the "Sun," two campaigns which clearly show, by their contrast, that insincerity is incarnate in his person. One is directed against the free-silver members of the United States senate; the other against those members of the New York board of aldermen who favor the acceptance of the Heine memorial fountain which has been offered to the city. Against the free-silver senators it is charged that they are traitors in continuing to vote in favor of free silver in spite of the fact (alleged by the "Sun") that, since their election to the senate, there has been a revulsion of opinion upon the silver question in the States which they represent; and because of this "treachery" the "Sun" has been putting them individually in the pillory, raking up their private lives, and endeavoring to show that they are thieves, liars, and adulterers. But, on the other hand, against the objectionable aldermen it is charged that they are prostituting art to politics in ignoring the adverse verdict of the Fine Arts Federation upon the Heine fountain, and voting, in obedience to the expressed wish of their constituents, to accept it on behalf of the city; and because of this "prostitution" the "Sun" is showering abuse upon their heads. The senators are damned by Dana for disregarding the voice of their constituents, and the aldermen are damned by Dana for doing the will of their constituents. An analysis of the editorial columns of the "Sun" for the last decade would reveal an abominable record of alternation between appeal to principle and attack upon principle, according to the effect that adherence to principle would have in satisfying or thwarting the sordid interests, bitter hatreds, paltry prejudices, and cranky conceits of the wickedest man in America.

A writer in the "Yale Review" is so disgusted with modern legislative bodies that he advocates their abolition. So far as the passage of new laws to meet the changing conditions of the time is concerned, no worse and more unsuitable system can be devised, according to him, than that of parliamentary wrangling. In former times parliaments performed useful service in keeping the people informed in regard to the intrigues of the courts and kings, but to-day the press has rendered all this unnecessary. The "Yale Review" writer would have committees of experts appointed by the executives to frame laws and suggest changes in governmental policy, and he would have all new laws submitted to a popular vote for acceptance or rejection. This plan is a modification of the referendum, retaining the legislative feature. Whatever we may think of the value of these suggestions, from the point of view of individual liberty it is encouraging to find evidence of the growing contempt for so-called popular government.

In a notice of Mr. Salter's "Anarchy or Government," the New York "Critic" says that the author spends more time in confusing the extreme individualism of Spencer and his followers than is at all necessary. As Mr. Salter has written only a few pages on this special subject, it is to be inferred that, in the opinion of the "Critic," a dozen lines would have been enough. With delicious unconsciousness of incongruity, the "Critic" goes on to say that Mr. Salter is disposed to extend the functions of government in the industrial department further than it can approve, and that "his failure to see with sufficient clearness that society exists only for the benefit of its members" renders his discussion of some points unsatisfactory. In other words, the "Critic" wants more individualism than Mr. Salter, and yet considers the position of more logical and thoroughgoing individualism unworthy of serious consideration. I am afraid the "Critic" does not realize that its own position on this question is treated with absolute contempt, not only by the extreme individualists, but also by the governmentalists.

In an article in the "Contemporary Review," George Bernard Shaw gives some advice to millionaires, though it is not clear why he calls his advice "Socialism." He tells them that they pauperize the community by making their donations to ordinary public institutions, which, as he assumes, it is the business of the rate-payers to maintain by taxing themselves. The only safe, wise, and meritorious plan millionaires can pursue is to create new needs and establish institutions which would not otherwise come into existence. There is considerable truth in this, and, it is hardly necessary to say, the article is bright and clever and well-written. Still, Anarchists will take little interest in the subject, and dissent radically, in passing, from the fundamental assumption that the State is entitled or bound to do numberless things for the poorer classes. Among Shaw's side sayings is one to which Liberty must take exception. He declares that Socialism is the doctrine of the proletariat and labor, while Anarchism is the doctrine of the aristocracy and the wealthy classes. Some will consider this an acute observation, because there is something in the surface appearances to warrant it, but as a matter of fact Anarchism was first promulgated by a true tribune of the people as a solution of the *social* problem, and is now accepted by all as primarily a settlement of the question of labor and poverty. True, it requires brains to grasp it, while what Shaw calls Socialism is largely a matter of faith and superstition with thousands. How would it do to say that religion is for the masses and atheism for the aristocracy? There is just as much superficial ground for this statement as for the other.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at Two Dollars a Year; Single Copies, Eight Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 1312, New York, N. Y.

Entered at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., MARCH 7, 1896.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Mr. Salter's "Anarchy or Government."

II.

Why, seeing that the presumption is always on the side of liberty, should government deal with private wrongs? If society is not threatened by external enemies, why should government come to the aid of individuals injured by members of the same society, instead of leaving each to be his own protector? Mr. Salter, putting these questions, proceeds to justify governmental interference, and to argue that liberty is utterly impossible in the premises.

To answer the question, says Mr. Salter, it is necessary to define society. A society is, of course, made up of individuals, "yet any number of individuals do not of themselves make a society. It is not one individual and another and another and so on, but these conceived of as somehow fitting together, making a unit, a body, an organism." These individuals make up a whole, "with ties to one another and more or less conscious of them, feeling that in some sense they belong to one another, that they are not mere *units*, but *members together* of a somewhat beyond their individual selves."

Suppose we accept all this, what follows? Mr. Salter tells us that, in the light of this conception of society, the question of how a private injury becomes a matter of public concern may be said to answer itself. For "it would hardly be going beyond the bounds to say that a society in which this was not the case would not be a real society. If a wrong to any one individual excites no resentment in the minds of the rest, there is not properly a society, but simply an aggregate of individuals—the social bond does not exist." If, then, we take the social standpoint, "then may a society interfere to protect the lives and property of its members: nay, not because individuals wish it to interfere, not on the basis of any hocus-pocus of elections or of an imaginary social compact, but because in the nature of the case it must interfere or have the right to interfere, else it ceases to be a society, a real whole, a true social body."

Mr. Salter develops this "theme" at some length, but the substance of his argument in favor of government interference in the matter of internal aggressions is contained in the above sentences, and we may stop to examine it closely and critically. The astute reader will perceive at once that Mr. Salter has really introduced no logical argument at all, but has simply begged the question. He virtually says: "You ask why society should do certain things. You question its right, title, warrant. Why, if it did not do these things, it would not be society. By 'society' we mean something which does these things, and, if you do not allow it to do them, you really abolish it." The real question, however, is why certain individuals, merely because they happen to live in a certain arbitrarily circumscribed place, give themselves the name of society and straightway proceed to do certain things which they would not otherwise dream of doing as a matter of course. Mr. Salter strangely forgets that the individual who asks the questions he is answering is also a member of his "whole." How is it that his membership does not prevent his questioning of society's right to interfere with him? The individuals who put the questions cannot logically be said to question the right of "society," but the right of the other individuals, or the majority. In the light of this consideration, Mr. Salter's proposition should be paraphrased thus: "Unless we, the majority, are permitted to force certain things on you, the minority, against your will, all of us together cease to form a whole, a social body." Is there any validity or cogency in such reasoning?

But let me ask, before going further, why Mr. Salter reserved his argument from society till he reached the subject of interference in private wrongs or internal aggressions? Why did he not employ it in his first chapter, with reference to the question of repelling external invaders? There, it will be remembered, he argued that the general feeling justifies the forcing of unwilling persons into the ranks, and that the conscience of the coerced persons themselves would approve of the force used against them. Why, I ask, did Mr. Salter resort to this weak plea, instead of trotting out the "society" argument? Why did he not tell us that a society which did not force every member to defend it would not be a real society? Certainly he must admit that this argument is more fundamental and goes to the very root of the question.

Whatever the reason for its tardy appearance, there is no doubt that Mr. Salter really rests his whole case upon it. Being of such vital importance to him, he ought to make sure that it will bear criticism.

Now, we entirely agree with Mr. Salter that society is a thing to be preserved. Anarchism is not intended as an attack upon the social principle, but upon governmentalism. That protection against internal invasion is essential to the preservation of society is admitted, but to contend, as we do, that there are better ways of attaining this end than the governmental way is clearly not to attack society. Society would cease to exist if life and liberty were not protected against invasion, external or internal; but it would not cease to exist if the governmental method were abandoned.

What does Mr. Salter mean, in the last analysis, when he asserts that society, in virtue of being society, has the right to interfere for the protection of individuals? Nothing else than that protection is essential to all who desire to pursue happiness and live free lives. Now, we contend that, whenever society interferes in the governmental way,—the way of compulsory taxation and compulsory protection,—more evil is accomplished than good, and society, instead of being strengthened, is weakened by such interference. If Mr. Salter questions the validity of this contention, it is incumbent upon him to submit evidence and prove the inferiority of the Anarchistic method from the point of view common to us both—the social point of view.

Mark the difference between Mr. Salter's method and the Anarchists' method. The latter, recognizing the necessity and propriety of protection against internal aggression, would have voluntary defensive associations organized by the citizens for the purpose. Expediency would teach them whether it is better to have one large association, or a number of co-operating small associations. A non-resistant, or a person who preferred to take his chances, would not be compelled to belong to the defensive organization. It is certainly absurd to pretend that the recognition of the right of individual secession would destroy society, for not only would the defensive associations protect their own members, but they would also be justified in restraining those who aggressed upon non-members, provided they perceived danger to themselves in suffering the aggressors to go scot free. The non-members would have no claim on the associations, and they would not interfere to punish invaders of the former's rights unless their own interests demanded it. Mr. Salter's method, on the other hand, involves this: that a *majority* of the society organize what they call a government, force the kind of protection they please upon the minority; and tax willing and unwilling alike. So, because *society* has the right to suppress crime, the majority claim the right to say what crime is, what protection is, what the expense shall be, and what the methods shall be. By what hocus-pocus do the majority become the sole mouthpiece of "society," and the minority their slaves? Mr. Salter must realize that he who says government says majority and no individual secession, and he who says liberty says Anarchism.

I must not omit to remind Mr. Salter here that in his first chapter he admitted the attractiveness of the proposal for competing defence associations, and did not seem to discern any danger to society in individual secession.

Here I may, in passing, disabuse Mr. Salter of the erroneous notion that Spencer, in explaining social action for the protection of life and property, resorts to the idea of a social compact, and imagines "how, for example, Englishmen would vote if their wishes were taken now." This error serves to illustrate the confusion in Mr. Salter's own mind. Spencer, in the connection alluded to, tries to explain, not "social action," but "governmental interference through majority rule." He seeks an ethical warrant for government, for compulsory organization, and not for "social action." Arguing that majority rule is a gross political superstition, he points out certain limits within

which, in his opinion, the majority may be presumed to act as the agent of the entire community. He does not base "social action" on an imaginary compact; he excuses the majority's pretension to act for society on that ground. The distinction, it is hardly necessary to add, is of high importance, whether one agrees with Mr. Spencer or not.

So far, then, as the ethical question is concerned,—the *right* of society to interfere,—Mr. Salter has not bridged the gap between society and government. As for the question of expediency, which Mr. Salter discusses towards the end of the chapter, there is little to be said. He does not think the plan of voluntary defence associations would work, while we think it would. He thinks it could succeed only in an ideal society; we think it would be more successful than government even in the present society. This is not the time to discuss practical questions.

Summing up his argument on this head of life and property, Mr. Salter says:

> Anarchy as a matter of right; Anarchy based on the notion that a society has no business to act, since this involves an interference with the freedom of individuals; Anarchy founded on the idea that each person is his own master and has an inherent sacred right to do as he pleases unconstrained,—is, from a social point of view, absurd. There is no individual right to act against the common good. . . . There is no such thing under heaven as the right to do as we please, using the phrase "as we please" with scientific strictness.

Windmill fighting again. Here we have the same old fallacy that Anarchism is liberty to invade, to do as one pleases regardless of the rights of others. Such An-archy would be an absurdity, a contradiction in terms, for it would mean the rule of the stronger and less civilized over the sympathetic and peaceable. But there is nothing absurd in demanding that protection of life and liberty shall be left to voluntary social action, and that the non-invasive shall be allowed to stay outside of the defensive organization. This is all that Anarchy implies. It is government which is absurd as a matter of right, for government means necessarily the rule of some over others. There is no difference, in principle, between the rule of one and the rule of a majority. It is strange that Mr. Salter, an ethical teacher, should be blunt to this manifest truth.

In his sixth chapter Mr. Salter discusses the propriety of using the method of government for other ends than those already dealt with. May society, he asks, provide for education, recreation, health, and so on? And he answers that he fails to see why not, if it needs to. As a matter of policy or expediency it might be well for government to leave such matters to private enterprise, but its right to act if it sees fit cannot be successfully challenged, in Mr. Salter's view. "If it be objected," he very logically observes, "that people ought to provide for their own education, the same thing might be said with reference to public provision for the security of each one's person and possessions." And with equal consistency Mr. Salter concludes that "no line of *principle* can be drawn as to how far a society may go, and where it must stop, in securing social welfare."

It is impossible to believe that Mr. Salter's mind is really satisfied with this worse than lame and impotent conclusion. He virtually declares here that there is no ethical science of society, no principles for the guidance of individuals, no such thing as justice as between citizens and the "collective whole." "Society can do no ethical wrong," is Mr. Salter's substitute for "the king can do no wrong." Society might fall into practical blunders, but it can never be guilty of aggression, since it has the right to do everything that it deems well to do. Now, it is safe to say that, but for the confusion caused by Mr. Salter's use of the vague term "society," instead of the definite term "government," he would revolt against such an absurd and unexpected conclusion. Even legalism has always recognized the possibility of government doing wrong and injustice to its citizens, and surely Mr. Salter would not dream of maintaining that monarchical or minority governments are the authorized representatives of "society" or the social organism in such a sense that everything and anything they choose to do must be accepted as just. But, if he limits his statement to popular or majority governments, will he tell us by what hocus-pocus the majority becomes the spokesman and executive of "society"? Only unanimous action can be properly described as "social action," since we are all members of society and of the "organism." The moment unanimity ceases and conflict arises, the "organism" disappears, and none of the conflicting groups can with propriety claim to represent "society." Unless Mr. Salter is ready to affirm that the majority is always right, it is clearly unwarrantable for him to identify the majority with society.

In truth, the "organism" theory of society is false and ridiculous. Mr. Salter says that Spencer recognizes the theory in an imperfect way; perhaps he now sees the reason of Spencer's unwillingness to go beyond the admission that there are certain important similarities between the individual organism and the social organism. It is because Mr. Salter's "more perfect" recognition of the organism theory leads him to overlook the important dissimilarities that he discovers himself in the impossible position of denying that there is such a thing as justice in the relation between the majority and the minority, and that government may do whatever it pleases.

Society is a scientific abstraction. Society never acts and never thinks. Individuals think, act, and cross each other's paths. Social science is the science which defines the limits of individual action. Government, we are told, is an agency, resting on the consent of the governed, for the protection of individual rights and restraint of aggressors. Government cannot protect individual rights unless it knows what these rights are. Now, the opponents of government maintain that the governmental method is itself a violation of individual rights, and that the maintenance of equal freedom is impossible except under a system of voluntary organization for defence. It is needless to discuss the origin of government; the point is that to-day it is an obstruction to the establishment of justice between individuals. Government once out of the way, there is a scientific standard for individuals,—the standard of justice or equal liberty.

Mr. Salter will doubtless admit that no private association can impose its schools, æsthetic notions, religion, or hygiene upon outsiders. It can insist upon being left alone and having its rights respected, but it can go no farther. But a majority is only a group of individuals, and the hocus pocus of government does not give, from an ethical point of view, any more rights than other voluntary associations possess. How can it impose *its* protection, education, æsthetics, etc., on the minority? What right has it to speak for "society," when society means all of us, majority *and* minority?

I sincerely trust Mr. Salter will ponder over and deal with these criticisms. The length of this article renders it necessary to defer consideration of his last chapter—on industrial relations—till the next issue.

V. Y.

A Remarkable Young Poet.

A few weeks ago a young man called at this office in search of literary employment. He was a Russian,—of not more than twenty-five years, I should think; perhaps not more than twenty-two,—with delicate, refined features, a dreamy expression, and a soft voice,—in fact, a typical Slav of the finer sort. He was profoundly convinced that he had literary talents of a high order, and his chief desire was to develop them. He was so constituted, he said, that he could not work at anything else, and even in the literary line he seemed unwilling to do work not in strict accord with his tastes. I found that an opportunity of translation in a newspaper office was open to him, and that he refused to avail himself of it, because the matters to be translated did not suit his views and ideals, although the work was light and at least remunerative enough to keep him from going hungry. The young man's sincerity impressed me, but his willingness to appeal to strangers for aid in getting employment rather than take the (to him) somewhat unpleasant work that lay within his grasp made me a little impatient with him. Whereupon I ventured to remind him that we are all residents, not of dreamland, but of a work-a-day world, and said that it seemed to me good policy to devote a share of one's time to drudgery if thereby one could gain the means of devoting the rest of it to the satisfaction of desire. In short, I gave him advice which was as near an approach to a lecture as the rules of good behavior would warrant in a case of so short acquaintance. For myself I could give him no employment, nor did I know at all how much confidence I could place in his own high estimate of his literary talent, as he had no specimens of his work to show me. But I gave him a letter to a friend, hoping that it might in some way help him, and it resulted in an offer of employment, which again was not to his liking, and which he rejected,—in this instance wisely, I think, for the duties of the post were of a commercial nature, for which the young man would probably have proved unfit.

For some weeks I heard nothing of him, but the other day he called at this office in my absence, and left for my examination several specimens of his verse. After reading them I was filled with astonishment and joy, for I was convinced that a new and great poet had discovered himself to me. Though some of his work was inferior to the rest and much of it bore marks of crudity, all of it was indicative of genius; and it now seems to me that the

poem which I print in another column, if we remember that its author is a youth who two years ago knew not a word of the English language, is nothing less than a wonderful performance. I feel chagrined that I did not perceive the young man's power at my first interview with him. And now I am inclined to say to him, as Emerson said to Whitman: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Tell me, Gordak, Lloyd, Traubel, and all you other libertarian poets, who know more about poetry than I do, am I mistaken in thinking that I discern in the firmament a new star, perhaps of the first magnitude? Is my telescope a liar? Am I too enthusiastic over this young man? Is not this poem, "To the Toilers," a really majestic utterance? Does it not constitute a really noble *début* in the history of American letters? So at any rate it seems to me. And I am correspondingly proud that it is my privilege to be the first to print an English poem from the pen of Basil Dahl.

T.

Zangwill is actually perverse and paradoxical enough to praise Nordau's "Right to Love," —an alleged play without art, verisimilitude, or imagination, and with a most unnatural moral deliberately dragged in to catch the Philistines. He says absurdly that Nordau's comedy is intended to emphasize his opposition to Ibsen, and finds it remarkably coherent and logical in its evolution. As a matter of fact, in order to prove his case against free love in general, Nordau is reduced to the wretched device of making the lover a deep-dyed villain and cold-blooded impostor who simply deceives the silly and romantic wife to whom he makes love. He exposes the vileness of this sham lover, and puts quixotic sentiments in the mouth of the dull *bourgeois* husband, thus compelling the betrayed wife to realize the superiority of her husband. To say, as Zangwill does, that this husband makes a trenchant reply to the modern attack on marriage is to evince utter ignorance as to the nature of this attack. Zangwill further exhibits unfitness to discuss reform questions by expressing amusement at the fact that Nordau has come to be looked upon as a degenerate himself. No, he is not looked upon as a degenerate, but as a fakir and impostor. He would be pronounced a degenerate, if his own definitions and tests were applied to him; but no competent man attaches enough importance to his pseudo-science to apply it even to its author.

A fair sample of the stuff that is written by upholders of legal marriage is an article in "Harper's Weekly," in which the "other side" of the question is supposed to be represented by one who professes to be tired of superficial attacks upon marriage. One of the profound propositions solemnly made is that "marriage can never be proved a failure until love in marriage has been pronounced so." Another, scarcely less enlightening, is that judgment must be suspended until we have the "final utterance about marriage in which love has been tried." Now, it is far wiser to let a case go by default than to attempt to use such meaningless and empty phrases by way of argument. Those who assert that legal marriage is a failure mean nothing else than that love does not long survive marriage, and that, no matter how auspicious the beginning is, the end is disappointing and bitter. Marriage has been fought precisely because it has proved the grave of love,—because love in it has failed to hold its own against the adverse influences let loose by the arrangement.

Truly extraordinary is the political situation of to-day. The Democratic party, a few months before the national convention, stands before the world like a disgraced and confused criminal. It has no principles, no platform, no leaders, no candidates, and no hope. The Republicans claim to have a large surplus of available presidential timber, but the claim is simply preposterous. The principal candidate is a man who has given no evidence of any ability, and who is simply an agent and tool of the greedy manufacturers. The Republicans are generally expected to win in the next campaign, no matter who the candidate is and what the platform is; but their only advantage over the Democrats is in the circumstance that their opportunities for inspiring general disgust and contempt are limited. At the end of a year, they would be kicked out for pernicious activity and incapacity.

The "Voice" protests that not everybody and everything is drifting in politics. The Prohibition party, it says, is one to which a man can still tie without fear of being swept away by the current. It has "preferred" defeat in five successive campaigns to the abandonment of the claims of justice and morality. "Preferred" is good. Could anything *but* defeat come to the party? The party which has victory within its grasp and throws it calmly away for the sake of a principle is the only party which can boast of preferring defeat to moral surrender. It is needless to say that no such political party ever existed, or ever will exist. It is easy to be honest when there is no opportunity of doing wrong and no temptation from any quarter.

Ambrose Bierce, who foams at the mouth when Anarchism is mentioned, and whose degree of loyalty to government would be strange even in a stupid and respectable citizen, indulges in rather tall and revolutionary language with regard to the Pacific railway muddle. He accuses Huntington of having "systematically and murderously" crushed out of existence small competitors, and describes him as the survivor of a group of robbers and thieves. What is more, he finds that senators and representatives display very little concern in these truths, implying that our legislators connive at crime and lawlessness. But all this is treasonable and disloyal, and can only please the rebels and cranks whom Bierce delights to hold up to public scorn and derision.

The president of the American Bar Association expresses the hope that the legal profession will undertake a thorough study of the science of legislation. He thinks that wise legislation may be promoted by dogmatic instruction. But he is mistaken. There is no science of legislation. There are sociology, history, political economy, and other sciences which any one who undertakes legislation ought to be conversant with. In other words, only political philosophers and well-informed men are fit to become legislators. The trouble is, however, that such men would generally refuse to legislate. Their knowledge would make them distrustful of the powers of government and disposed to let matters take their natural course. A legislature composed of real students would never enact any legislation; it would resolve itself into a debating society, and disagree upon every subject.

That the world moves is again demonstrated by the significant failure of the religious woman suffragists to pass a sort of censure-vote upon the so-called Woman's Bible of the radical minority of the movement. The women suffragists have, of course, no sympathy with free thought and rationalism, but they manifestly recognize the fact that they cannot afford to offend the most intelligent of those whom they seek to influence. Just imagine what sort of reception the Woman's Bible would have been accorded twenty years ago by a gathering of women! How about that reaction against rationalism? When even women refuse to stand by the old faith, the bankruptcy of the churches and theologians must be disastrous indeed.

Gerry, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, opposes the extension of the age of consent from sixteen to eighteen years, on the ground that it will make convictions under the law more difficult, and confound rape and fornication in such a way as to jeopardize the entire law. Gerry's objections are sound, but his motives are rotten. He is one of those scoundrels who, of the two, would much rather punish vice than crime. Being shrewd enough to see that, if crime is confounded with vice, juries will refuse to punish either, he is anxious to avoid such confusion. Intellectually he is superior to Flower; ethically the two are on a level.

Resenting the violent attacks upon congress and public men in which editors indulge, the Brooklyn "Eagle" says: "The one rule for sane and civilized writing and speaking is for a man never to advance in public expression terms which he could not address to his adversary in private discourse." This overlooks the fact that in private and face-to-face discussion men are generally inclined to be kinder to their opponents and to spare them as far as possible. Even when we know that one deserves the harshest treatment, our sympathies naturally hold us in check, and we temper our censure by putting it in milder form. Only in extreme cases, when higher considerations render charity improper, do we resist this impulse. In public expression, however, particularly in controversies carried on in print, it is not so difficult to suppress one's sympathetic feelings and say things in the strongest and plainest terms, and there is no reason why it should not be done. The real and only safe and proper rule is never to say anything which is not profoundly felt to be just and warranted, and which cannot be repeated without shame or regret. We must be deliberate, just, and fair at all times, but we are not to feel that generosity is always due our enemies. Even a little extravagance and over-emphasis, when it is obviously intended to show the earnestness and depth of our feeling and cannot be mistaken for literal truth, is not necessarily

an offence against sanity and civilization. Extravagance is unjust only when it misleads; when it simply impresses and brings home the gravity of the real matter in hand, it is legitimate.

Says the "Voice": "Now let the Goddess of Personal Liberty weep and tear her hair. Senator Page has just introduced a bill into the New York legislature making it a misdemeanor to keep a dog in any house in New York city, occupied as a dwelling by three or more families." Liberty has a sample of the Goddess's hair, frightfully torn on this occasion, which will be exhibited to the editor of the "Voice" whenever he comes around with that $10,000 check which Liberty claimed from him a few weeks ago. In explanation of the tearing, it should be said that the Goddess began tearing it in grief, but most of the tearing was done in wild spasms of hysterical laughter at the logic which makes it lawful for one of two families in a house to keep a dog, even if the other objects, but criminal for one of three to do so, even if both the others want the dog kept.

To the Toilers.

I hate your superstition, workingmen,
I loathe your blindness and stupidity.
Your pointed quips have never made me laugh;
Your senseless chat is wearisome to me;
Your shallow joy is not the joy I like.
But when I contemplate your ceaseless toil,
Your quiet activity and sunless life,
Your works of splendor, and gigantic strength,
I bow my head in reverence to you.
The cliffs are mighty in the wilderness;
The woods are terrible when shook by storm;
The streams are awful in their hasty course;
But cliffs, and woods, and streams, all disappear,
When touched by your unconquerable hands.
Were you as wise as you are powerful,
You would be happy, great, and reverend.

You take much pride in your humanity,
And think you are the Maker's masterpiece.
But know you what it is to be a man?
The eagle builds a nest as well as you;
The playful bird seeks food as well as you;
The feeble fly doth breed as well as you;
The ant is diligent as well as you;
Whereof consists your high humanity?
Have you but once desired to comprehend
The peerless grandeur of the universe?
Have you essayed to look into your thoughts,
To know the secret motives of your deeds?
Love you the noble and the beautiful?
Love you the pure and natural in life?
Love you to live in liberty and peace?
Say, is your friendship true, your love unstained?
If not, what are you then? what are you then?

You live, and know not what existence is;
You die, and know not what the grave entombs;
You trust, and know not what your faith implies;
You hope, and know not what it is to hope.
If you would know the mysteries of life,
And know the secrets of the dismal grave;
If you would know the meaning of your faith,
And also know the sequel of your hope,—
You would not then abide in wretchedness,
And not be dead not having lived before;
You would not then believe in wind and dust,
Or ever hope for that which cannot be!
Your wrinkled faces would be fresh with health,
And bright with joy your nigh-extinguished eyes;
Your weary hands would be as strong as steel,
And swifter than a stag's your strengthless feet.
Your hearts would feel, but never sigh with grief;
Your heads would think, but never ache with care;
Your lips would speak, but never reek with fume.
Each word of yours would be a pleasant sound,
And you—a spring upon the beauteous earth.
You sit oppressed in cities great and rich;
You pine in houses tall as gloomy forts.
Are you afraid to let the breezes in,
The mild refreshing breezes of the fields,
Lest they undo you like a savage host?
Are you so fond of noise and narrowness,
Of gloom, and smoke, and dirt, and misery,
That life without them would be naught to you?
Destroy the prisons that confine your breath.
Leave all your gloom behind you, all your noise,
And turn to nature's flowery lap again.
Spread o'er the beauteous green earth in throngs,
And build new cities, beautiful and small;
Erect new houses, spacious, neat, and snug,
With carvings rare adorned and gables quaint.
The rocks will furnish you with stone enough,
The woods will furnish you with wood enough,
The pits will furnish you with clay enough,
And you have strength and skill and sense enough.
Allow the crystal sky to spread undimmed,
The clement sun to shine unhindered.
Let birds awake you with a joyous air,
And fragrant breezes lull you into sleep.
And let your streets resound with joy and mirth,
With sounds of cymbals, mandolins, and flutes.
Expand your life, and make it free and full;
Create yourselves anew in health and strength.
The aged people vigorous, like oaks;
The children lusty, beautiful, and good;
The blooming youths as stately cedars hale,
Endowed with beauty as the god of light,
And full of glee and life as life itself;
The maidens' faces sweet and roseate,
The eyes effulgent with desire and love,
The breath voluptuous and redolent,
The laughter trilling, loud, and musical:
What joy it were to see you thus transformed!

Basil Dahl.

The Reform Nominee.

[Chicago Evening Post.]

"So that was a convention!" said Percy Pulsifer, as he and Tom were driving away from the hall after it was all over.

"It was," replied Tom. "Did you think it was a prayer-meeting?"

"Well, I should say not," returned Percy with emphasis. "But I had an idea that a convention was held for the purpose of making nominations, whereas this one did nothing except ratify the action taken in the back room of that little saloon where we met some of the leaders before the gathering was called to order."

"But you got the nomination you were after, didn't you?" asked Tom.

"Yes, but I got it in the saloon, not in the convention; and I put myself under obligation to some of the worst scoundrels in local politics, in order to get it."

"Of course."

"In order to get me in," continued Percy, "you traded off two excellent men for a couple of the worst ringsters that ever disgraced the council."

"Had to do it," explained Tom. "It wouldn't do to let you be defeated, after you had consented to permit your name to be used."

"I suppose not; but I don't see just where there is much of a reform victory in that. We helped to defeat two good men in order to nominate one, taking for granted that I am one, although I am beginning to doubt it."

"Of course," admitted Tom. "That is the way that reform usually gets it in the neck in the game of practical politics."

Percy puffed meditatively at his cigar for a few minutes.

"Tom," he said at last," one of those toughs came to my house last night."

"Yes?" returned Tom, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Percy. "I was just going out with a young lady who is visiting my sister, and he met us on the steps. I tried to ignore him, but he wouldn't have it. He leered at the young lady in a friendly sort of way, and then informed me that 'some o' de gazabos has a plan to t'run you down.' Then he said something about 'keeping my peepers peeled' at the convention to-day, borrowed a dollar, and left."

"Yes?" said Tom, still inquiringly.

"Yes," retorted Percy, irritably. "And, when he had gone, the young lady looked at me in a surprised sort of way, and asked me if he was one of my friends. Is that part of the game, Tom?"

"Oh, we have to put up with those little annoyances," returned Tom.

"Even when we go into politics to force such people out?"

"Even then."

"Well, that settles me!" exclaimed Percy. "Why, I had my mind all made up to propose last night, but what kind of a chance do you suppose I would have stood after that? I'll have to wait at least two weeks now for the effect to wear off."

"That's politics," said Tom.

"Hang politics!" retorted Percy. "I never supposed it would get mixed up in my love affairs."

"It will get mixed up in everything."

"Then I'm going to draw out."

"You've accepted the nomination."

Then Percy said something about the nomination that will not bear repeating, and swore he would get his revenge by tearing things wide open when he got in the council. And Tom smiled and said: "Of course."

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in his name for enrolment. Those who do so thereby pledge themselves to write, when possible, a letter every fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects, to the "target" assigned in Liberty for that fortnight, and to notify the secretary promptly in case of any failure to write to a target (which it is hoped will not often occur), or in case of temporary or permanent withdrawal from the work of the Corps. All, whether members or not, are asked to lose no opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets. Address, Stephen T. Byington, Flushing Institute, Flushing, N. Y.

A member of Section A put in a volunteer shot at J. R. Treuthart, target before last for Section B, and sent him a copy of "Mutual Banking." He gets this answer:

I have just finished reading with much interest and general approval the pamphlet, "Mutual Banking," so kindly sent me by yourself.

Should you share my solicitude to reinvest the States with the powers they should rightfully exercise, mutual banking, as advocated in your pamphlet, would furnish the foremost of redeeming and regulating agents.

Such letters as this make it hard to understand why more don't join the Corps.

Target, section A.—"Rockland Independent," Rockland, Mass., on February 21 published a sermon by Rev. F. O. MacCartney of that place, beginning as follows:

Text: *Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither does the cause of the widow come unto them.—Is. 1:23.*

The philosophical Anarchist believes in absolute freedom of the individual, with no restraint of force. He goes further, and advocates the doing away with all universal institutions, leaving every function to be performed by individual initiative, and, if there is any form of coöperation, it is voluntary. To my own mind this view of society is fatally defective, in that it does not recognize society as an organism, nor the right of this organism to protect the whole against the wilful or ignorant aggression of the part. When the supposed rights of the individual come into conflict with the well-being of society, then must the supposed rights give way. With perfect individuals Anarchy looks feasible, yet with such perfection there will always remain certain universal functions; there will ever be the necessity of an executive department of government. Institutions are the embodiment of the ideas of the people and of the progress that they have made in perfecting this social organism. Institutions are great educators, and are necessary from the standpoint of mere efficiency.

The body of the sermon is a vigorous account of the decadence of our political institutions and leaders at the present day. Write to the paper, correcting Mr. MacCartney's misapprehension of Anarchism, and showing why his text must always be applicable as long as government exists.

Section B.—"Populist," Neosho, Mo., said, a year or so ago: "Only slaves need protection; free men have a habit for caring for themselves." Show how government interferes with our caring for ourselves in all ways, and how much better we could provide for ourselves if government would let us alone.

Stephen T. Byington.

Why I Am a Trade Unionist.

Why am I a trade unionist? Because I have to be. It is not a matter of sentiment, charity; it is one of business. The promptings are purely selfish,—not of the brotherhood-of-man, fatherhood-of-God order. Like yours, reader, my blood tingles when seeing the brutalities of our industrial chaos; but, while this is an incentive, it is not the foundation of my trade unionism. I am a trade unionist because there is no other agency which will secure for me more wages, a shorter workday, greater independence, and sometime, I hope, complete.

No other agency! A bold statement. Prove it.

Problem: to secure the product of my labor.

Not a school of economic thought—and there are many—but acknowledges the necessity of union to attain as well as union to hold when attained. One individual cannot lift ten hundred weight; ten individuals can do so with ease. History avouches it. All evidence and experience sustain the claim of unity.

In this instance, then, a union of what? Of all classes? Landlords, bankers, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, wage-workers, such as make up a political party? No; the first two rob me; I cannot unite with them. The third is a tool of patronage, on sale; he will "tear a passion to rags" for pelf; him, too, I must exclude. With the fourth and fifth, fellow-sufferers of mine, I would combine against the first, but they will not. They think they can get more by keeping me, their patron, down. Am I left, then, to unite with my fellow wage-workers?

But wait! We overlook the professions. Ministers, physicians, scholars, editors. Capable men. Intelligent, conversant, select. But, with creditable exceptions, lukewarm followers; not leaders. Men of bottled opinions.

So—wageworkers. And they? Robbed, deceived, damned! Scoffed at, shot at, jailed! Unanimous, of course? Men of similar ideas, purposes, and means? Well, hardly. Rather, men of vastly different ideas, purposes, and means, to be similarized in action. Men—honest, dishonest, noble, mean, progressive, tardy, commanding, resisting, liberal, dogmatic, heretical, orthodox, ignorant, enlightened, radical, conservative; opinious, all shades. A union of "all sorts and conditions of men."

Manifestly, it is impossible to unite these on a composite programme. As well talk of an equilibrium of faculties, as Andrews puts it, despite the law of individuality. Impossible in any event, but for self-interest, the powerful lever of mutual want, the product of their labor. There is no diversity of opinion on this. To secure it they will combine on certain methods within certain limits. Such methods must necessarily be simple and the limits narrow, but not incapable of expansion. They will not be as narrow as the narrowest, or as broad as the broadest. They will be average, with an upward tendency, due to the education which must follow exchange of ideas and contact. The standard will be continually advanced by the dishonest yielding to the honest, in deference to that natural law, the sense of right; the enlightened will elevate the ignorant; the bark of the radical, answered by the growl of the conservative, will modify both; the arbitrary, the resisting, heretic and orthodox, will temporize, agree to disagree on cherished views, and work on common ground. Any attempt to overstep this limit by force will result in lukewarmness, will break the bond of union. Conscience will go on strike.

(I venture to say that, had it been possible to enforce all the resolutions adopted by the trade union, we would have "all sorts and conditions" of unions. As it is, the individual is partially contented by his protest.)

The maximum of organization, of "universal variety in unity," can be secured only by the minimum of coercion; and, no matter what the organization may be, it can accomplish but little without numerical strength. The mass will rule, despite tangents. Such is the liberty of society. That is not progress which breaks away from union because of tardiness. It may be magnificent, courageous, but it is not war. Sooner or later the retreat must be made. The folly of such is apexed when they attack the mass of their fellow-sufferers, as do some Anarchists, State Socialists, and others. The most they can do is to defeat unity, to disrupt, and, later, when wiser and exploded, get off the union track, or back into the fold, and teach, if their foolhardiness has not discounted their usefulness. The ability to break should be exercised only when coercion is attempted.

So, then, we must have union, which must be numerically strong, which must be of average desire, and which will be educational, flexible, and hence progressive. Such is the highest form of organization that man can achieve, built upon common ground, along which its pathway must be traced; such is the trade union.

I will secure the product of my labor by the progressive trade union.

Trade unions are progressive? Yes; both progressive and slow. Slow, because they have the mass to educate, and progressive, because of their education. During the past decade the trade union has found "common ground" upon many new ideas. Whether they are all correct or not we will not now discuss. Suffice it to say, they evidence flexibility, expansion, and the progressive tendency. Such are: abolition of money monopoly; abolition of land monopoly; nationalization of what are thought to be inevitable monopolies,—mines, railroads, telephones, telegraphs; municipalization of street cars, light, water; direct legislation; Australian ballot; and others. All of these has the trade union endorsed, showing conclusively that its limits are not fixed, and that it is ready—must adopt that which is acceptable to its members. Its present aims and methods are well known; it will adopt others just as soon as the education it so widely disseminates levels down the hills and fills up the gaps in the minds of its members. Its possibilities are bounded only by lack of knowledge and the non-unionist. No criticism of the trade union can be made that does not apply to the whole working-class. When the time arrives that results can be achieved by new methods, they will not be new to the trade union.

And this is why I am a trade unionist.

Aug. McCraith,
Secretary of the American Federation of Labor.

An Interesting Announcement.

Comrade Francis D. Tandy has written, and will publish about the first of April, a book entitled "Voluntary Socialism," in which he will present a complete outline of the philosophy of Anarchism. The scope of the work may be measured from the following synopsis:

Preface—Introduction, dealing with study of Social Science.

Chapter 1 is devoted to evolution and contains a brief outline of the nebular hypothesis and Darwinian theory.

Chapter 2 is devoted to "Egoism." In it the author attempts to demonstrate that all actions are the result of attempts on the part of an organism to place itself in harmony with its environments, and this is suggested as the basis of ethics.

Chapter 3 deals with the development and nature of the State, showing that all progress has been made by curtailing the powers of the State and enlarging the liberty of the individual.

Chapter 4 compares the conclusions reached in the previous chapters, and from them deduces the Spencerian law of equal freedom; suggesting a few deductions from this law, it is shown that it ultimately demands the entire abolition of the State.

Chapter 5 deals with the possibility of defending person and property without State interference.

Chapter 6 is devoted to an analysis of value according to the marginal-utility theory of Boehm-Bawerk. It also deals with the Marxian theory of surplus value, showing that all our economic ills are due to the existence of that surplus value.

Chapter 7 contains general considerations in regard to the nature and functions of money, and an analysis of interest.

Chapter 8 suggests as a solution of the money question the Mutual Bank of Issue, outlined by Greene, which is practically the same as Proudhon's Bank of Exchange.

Chapter 9 deals with the land question. In it the author demands the entire abolition of all paper titles to land, and claims that occupancy and use should constitute the sole title. Incidentally, he criticises the Single Tax theory and the position taken by Herbert Spencer in "Justice."

Chapter 10 deals with special privileges, principally patents and copyrights; showing that they are forms of monopoly that must be abolished.

Chapter 11 contains an analysis of profit, which, it is claimed, depends for its existence principally upon rent and interest, and, when these two factors are eliminated and special privileges are repealed, will cease to exist, surplus value becoming a thing of the past.

Chapter 12 is devoted to the question of transportation, showing that private enterprise will be perfectly capable of dealing with this problem, as soon as free competition is made possible by the reforms suggested in the previous chapters.

Chapter 13 contains a discussion of the various methods of accomplishing reform. It points out the evils of revolution, terrorism, and political methods, and shows that education and passive resistance are the most successful methods.

Chapter 14 treats of the prospect of the accomplishment of the reforms set forth. It repudiates the claims of the State Socialists that collectivism is inevitable, and shows that the ultimate attainment of the author's ideas is not as improbable as is often supposed.

The book is followed by a suggestive bibliography of works which will be of value to those who wish to study the question more deeply. It also contains a complete index.

Simplicity of style and directness of language have been aimed at throughout, so as to make this an elementary book, within the mental grasp of all who are at all familiar with modern reform ideas.

It will be printed from good clear type, on a fine quality of paper, and bound in vellum cloth.

Price, $1.00.

"Michael and His Lost Angel."

In January last a new play was produced simultaneously in New York and London,—"Michael and His Lost Angel," by Henry Arthur Jones. It was my privilege to see it, and I promptly decided that it was the best new play of the season, though I was not entirely satisfied with it. Therefore, when the "Saturday Review" arrived with Bernard Shaw's account of the London performance, I was greatly pleased to find that first of English critics expressing my own view, and revealing to me, as a true critic should, more clearly than I had before seen it, the cause of my partial dissatisfaction. His article is so excellent and so interesting that I give it here almost in full. I may add that the play, being very good indeed, failed dismally. Why it failed in London I do not know; there can be no doubt that here the critics killed it.

One of the great comforts of criticising the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is that the critic can go straight to the subject-matter without troubling about the dramatic construction. In the born writer the style is the man; and with the born dramatist the play is the subject. Mr. Jones's plays grow; they are not cut out of bits of paper and stuck together. Mr. Grundy or Sardou, at their respective worsts, perform such feats of carpentry in constructing show-cases for some trumpery little situation that the critics exhaust all their space in raptures over the mechanical skill displayed. But Mr. Jones's technical skill is taken as a matter of course. Nobody ever dreams of complimenting him about it; we proceed direct to abusing his ideas without delay. This is quite right and natural. If you invent a mechanical rabbit, wind it up, and set it running round the room for me, I shall be hugely entertained, no matter how monstrously unsuccessful it may be as a representation of nature; but, if you produce a real rabbit which begins running about without being wound up at all, I simply say: "Why shouldn't it?" and take down my gun. Similarly, on Mr. Jones producing a live play, which starts into perfectly natural action on the rising of the curtain without being wound up during an act or two of exposition, I say: "Why shouldn't it?" and, as aforesaid, take down my gun.

When I respond to the appeal of Mr. Jones's art by throwing myself sympathetically into his characteristic attitude of mind, I am conscious of no shortcoming in "Michael and his Lost Angel." It then seems to me to be a genuinely sincere and moving play, feelingly imagined, written with knowledge as to the man and insight as to the woman by an author equipped not only with the experience of an adept playwright, and a kindly and humorous observer's sense of contemporary manners, but with that knowledge of spiritual history in which Mr. Jones's nearest competitors seem so stupendously deficient. Its art is in vital contact with the most passionate religious movement of its century, as fully quickened art always has been. On comparing it in this relation with the ordinary personal sentiment of Mr. Grundy, and with those grotesque flounderings after some sort of respectably pious foothold which have led Mr. Pinero to his rescue of the burning Bible from Mrs. Ebbsmith's stove, and his redemption of Mrs. Fraser by the social patronage of the bishop's wife, I unhesitatingly class Mr. Jones as first, and eminently first, among the surviving fittest of his own generation of playwrights.

But when, instead of throwing myself sympathetically into Mr. Jones's attitude, I remain obstinately in my own, I find myself altogether unable to offer to "Michael" that final degree of complete sympathy and approval which is implied in the conviction that I would have written the play that way myself if I could. As to the first two acts, I ask nothing better; but at the beginning of the third comes the parting of our ways, and I can point out the exact place where the roads fork. In the first act Michael, a clergyman, compels a girl who has committed what he believes to be a deadly sin to confess it publicly in church. In the second act he commits that sin himself. At the beginning of the third he meets the lady who has been his accomplice, and the following words pass between them:

Audrie. You're sorry ?
Michael. No. And you ?
Audrie. No.

Now, after this, what does the clergyman do ? Without giving another thought to that all-significant fact that he is not sorry,—that at the very point where, if his code and creed were valid, his conscience would be aching with remorse, he is not only impenitent, but positively glad,—he proceeds to act as if he really were penitent, and not only puts on a hair shirt, but actually makes a confession to his congregation in the false character of a contrite sinner, and goes out from among them with bowed head to exile and disgrace, only waiting in the neighborhood until the church is empty to steal back and privily contradict his pious imposture by picking up and hiding a flower which the woman has thrown on the steps of the altar. This is perfectly true to nature: men do every day, with a frightful fatalism, abjectly accept for themselves as well as others all the consequences of theories as to what they ought to feel and ought to believe, although they not only do not so feel or believe, but often feel and believe the very reverse, and find themselves forced to act on their real feeling and belief in supreme moments which they are willing with a tragically ridiculous self-abnegation to expiate afterwards even with their lives.

Here you have the disqualification of "Michael and his Lost Angel" for full tragic honors. It is a play without a hero. Let me rewrite the last three acts, and you shall have your Reverend Michael embracing the answer of his own soul, thundering it from the steps of his altar, and marching out through his shocked and shamed parishioners, with colors flying and head erect and unashamed, to the freedom of faith in his own real conscience. Whether he is right or wrong is nothing to me as a dramatist; he must follow his star, right or wrong, if he is to be a hero. In "Hamlet" one cannot approve unreservedly of the views of Fortinbras; but, generations of foolish actor-managers to the contrary notwithstanding, what true Shaksperean ever thinks of "Hamlet" without seeing Fortinbras, in his winged helmet, swoop down at the end, and take, by the divine right of a born "captain of his soul," the crown that slips through the dead fingers of the philosopher who went, at the bidding of his father's ghost, in search of a revenge which he did not feel and a throne which he did not want ? Fortinbras can, of course, never be anything more than an Adelphi hero, because his bellicose instincts and imperial ambitions are comfortably vulgar; but both the Adelphi hero and the tragic hero have fundamentally the same heroic qualification,—fearless pursuit of their own ends and championship of their own faiths *contra mundum*.

Michael fails to satisfy this condition in an emergency where a heroic self-realization alone could save him from destruction; and if this failure were the subject of Mr. Jones's last three acts, then the play without a hero might be as tragic as "Rosmersholm." But Mr. Jones does not settle Michael's situation in that light; he shares his fatalism, accepting his remorse, confession, and disgrace as inevitable, with a monastery for the man and death for the woman as the only possible stage-ending,—surely not so much an ending as a slopping up of the remains of the two poor creatures. The last act is only saved from being a sorry business by the man's plucking a sort of courage out of abandonment, and by a humorous piteousness in the dying woman, who, whilst submitting, out of sheer feebleness of character, to Michael's attitude, is apologetically conscious of having no sincere conviction of sin. When the priest offers his services, she replies: "No, thanks, I've been dreadfully wicked —doesn't much matter, eh ? Can't help it now. Haven't strength to feel sorry. So sorry I can't feel sorry." This gives a pleasant quaintness to the hackneyed pathos of a stage death, but it does not obliterate the fact that Audrie is dying of nothing but the need for making the audience cry, and that she is a deplorable disappointment, considering her promise of force and originality in the first two acts. A play without a hero may still be heroic if it has a heroine; and, had Mr. Jones so laid out his play as to pose the question, "What will this woman do when she discovers that the saint of Cleveheddon is nothing but a hysterical coward, whose religion is a morbid perversion of his sympathetic instincts instead of the noblest development of them ?" the answer of a capable woman to such a question might have given the last three acts the attraction of strength and hope, instead of their present appeal *ad misericordiam* of sentimental despair and irrelevant bodily disease. But Audrie, though she has a certain salt of wit in her, is as incapable of taking her fate into her own hands as Michael; and the two, hypnotized by public opinion, let themselves be driven abjectly, she to the shambles and he to the dustbin, without a redeeming struggle.

It is clear, I think, that, if the public were of my way of thinking, the play, good as it is of its kind, would fail; for the public is not sympathetic enough to throw itself into Mr. Jones's attitude, and enjoy the play from his point of view, unless it can do so without going out of its own way. And I cannot help thinking that the public dislike a man of Michael's stamp. After all, stupid as we are, we are not Asiatics. The most pig-headed Englishman has a much stronger objection to be crushed or killed by institutions and conventions, however sacred or even respectable, than a Russian peasant or a Chinaman. If he commits a sin, he either tells a lie and sticks to it, or else demands "a broadening of thought" which will bring his sin within the limits of the allowable. To expiation, if he can possibly avoid it, he has a wholesome and energetic objection. He is an individualist, not a fatalist; with all his apparent conventionality, there is no getting over the fact that institutions—moral, political, artistic, and ecclesiastical —which in more eastern lands have paralyzed whole races, making each century a mere stereotype of the one before, are mere footballs for the centuries in England. It is an instinct with me personally to attack every idea which has been full-grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all human society. I am prepared to back human society against any idea, positive or negative, that can be brought into the field against it. In this—except as to my definite intellectual consciousness of it—I am, I believe, a much more typical and popular person in England than the conventional man; and I believe that, when we begin to produce a genuine national drama, this apparently anarchic force, the mother of higher law and humaner order, will underlie it, and that the public will lose all patience with the conventional collapses which serve for last acts to the serious dramas of to-day. Depend upon it, the miserable doctrine that life is a mess, and that there is no way out of it, will never nerve any man to write a truly heroic play west of the Caucasus. I do not for a moment suspect Mr. Jones of really holding that doctrine himself. He has written "Michael" as a realist on the unheroic plane, simply taking his contemporaries as he finds them on that plane.

Perhaps it is unfair to Mr. Jones to substitute to this extent a discussion of the philosophy of his play for a criticism of its merits on its own ground. But the performance at the Lyceum has taken all the heart out of my hopes of gaining general assent to my high estimate of "Michael and his Lost Angel." The public sees the play as it is acted, not as it ought to be acted. The sooner Mr. Jones publishes it, the better for its reputation. There never was a play more skilfully designed to fit the chief actors than this was for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But, though Mr. Jones was able to write for Mrs. Campbell such a part as she is not likely to get the refusal of soon again, he had to depend on Mrs. Campbell's own artistic judgment to enable her to perceive the value of the chance. The judgment was apparently not forthcoming; at all events, Mrs. Patrick Campbell vanished from the bills as the day of battle drew nigh. In such an emergency your London manager has only one idea,—to send for Miss Marion Terry. Miss Marion Terry was accordingly sent for, sent for to play the bad angel; to be perverse, subtly malign, infernally beautiful; to sell her soul and her lover's to the Devil, and bite her arm through as a seal to the bargain; to do everything that is neither in her nature nor within the scope of her utmost skill in dissimulation. The result was a touching little sham, very charming in the first act, where her entry rescued the play just as it was staggering under the weight of some very bad acting in the opening scene; and very affecting at the end, where she died considerately and prettily, as only an inveterately amiable woman could. But not for the most infinitesimal fraction of a second was she Audrie Lesden; and five acts of "Michael and his Lost Angel" without Audrie Lesden were not what the author intended. As to Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Jones had undertaken to make the actor's outside effective, if he in return would look after the inside of the Reverend Michael. Mr. Jones kept to his bargain; Mr. Forbes Robertson was unable to fulfil his. He made the mistake—commom in an irreligious age—of conceiving a religious man as a lugubrious one. All the sympathy in the first act depended on his making it clear that the force that swept Rose Gibbard to the altar to confess was the priest's rapturous faith in the gladness of an open and contrite heart, natural to a man made over-sanguine by spiritual joy. Mr. Forbes Robertson threw away all this sympathy, and set the audience against him and against the play from the outset by adopting the solemn, joyless, professional manner and the preachy utterance of the Low-Church apostle of mortification and wrath. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the disastrous effect of this initial mistake on the performance. The more saintly Mr. Robertson looked, the slower, gloomier, more depressingly monotonous he became, until at last, in spite of Miss Terry's spoonfuls of sweet syrup, I half expected to see the infuriated author rush on the stage and treat us to a realistic tableau of the stoning of St. Stephen. What is the use of the dramatist harmonizing the old Scarlet-Letter theme in the new Puseyite mode, if the actor is to transpose it back again into the old Calvinistic minor key ?

As to the rest, their woodenness is not to be described, though woodenness is hardly the right word for Mr. Mackintosh, in whose performance, however, I could discover neither grace nor verisimilitude. Miss Brooke need not be included in this wholesale condemnation; but her part was too small to make any difference to the general effect. The melancholy truth of the matter is that the English stage got a good play, and was completely and ignominiously beaten by it. Mr. Jones got beyond the penny-novelette conventions which are actable in our theatre. I fear there is no future for him except as a dramatic critic.

Providential.

Timon, don't be down-hearted, though
You see your country falling low;
Bosses and senate, filth and spoils, debosh it;
Courage, my friend, 'tis safe! Two oceans wash it.

James J. Dooling.

In Answer to A. H. Simpson.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The pretence that a secret society or base ball club is a voluntary association, and that a trade union is not because the latter uses the boycott, doesn't go; and to compare a union to the State of New York is absurd. Mr. Simpson had better read the numbers of Liberty that contain the editorials on the boycott.

The assumption is that a member of a secret society is liberal and tolerant, whereas, if he joins a union, he immediately becomes arbitrary. If the need of a benevolent society were as great as that of one whose aim is to increase wages, the same means would be used to keep it going. A workingman who wants to join a benevolent association can take his pick from a number of societies. After he has decided which society he wishes to join, he can select the particular lodge or branch he wants. This same workingman, if he joins a union, must join that of his trade, and he cannot choose for fellow-members those he likes and reject those he dislikes. In fact, to be at all successful, every worker at that trade must be brought into the fold.

This makes the union a less harmonious body from the beginning. The benevolent society is not antagonized and fought by capital, and, as its existence is less important, such a bitter struggle is not, and need not, be made for it.

The demands for government control of railroads and telegraphs are, of course, the result of political superstition, but boycotting non-union men out of town, and enforcing certain arbitrary rules, are necessary to the life of the union.

The conditions, and not the union men, are to blame for this. Even Anarchist officers of a union must act like the conservatives. They must be "despotic," and not only fight Rudyard Kipling, but, if the occasion requires it, boycott the author of "Beautiful Snow."

HENRY COHEN.
